

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 361

It was already evening when they left Purplegold Estate. After learning that Yvette would be returning to Seacriety in a couple of days, James chatted with her for a while, reminding her to take care of herself and to let Jeremiah handle any dangerous situations. Jase nodded in agreement.

Jeremiah was speechless.

After Yvette and Jeremiah saw Jase and James off, the two casually walked to a night market and found a street vendor to sit down at.

The night market had just opened, so there weren't many people around. With Yvette wearing a baseball cap and a black mask covering half her face, most of the attention fell on Jeremiah, who was sitting on a shabby plastic stool, looking extraordinarily out of place with his impressive looks and affluent aura.

Jeremiah exuded an air of "stay away," causing many young women who wanted to approach him to hesitate, not daring to ask for his contact information. After he placed his order at the vendor, the surrounding tables filled up within a few minutes, with everyone subtly observing their table.

Yvette watched Jeremiah wiping the table, her long eyelashes fluttering slightly. Her voice showstopper."

flat. "You're quite the

Jeremiah looked up, frowning slightly, momentarily confused by her comment. When he scanned the area and noticed that ninety percent of the customers were women, it suddenly clicked. With his noble appearance and indifferent demeanor, he ignored the glances from the women around him, his eyes only on Yvette. He smiled faintly, which only made the surrounding women more eager. His voice lowered, tinged with a hint of reproach, as he leaned closer. "You're being unreasonable; it's not my fault."

Jeremiah's voice was deliberately low, carrying a magnetic charm that was both enticing and mischievous. He knew that young women were susceptible to this charm. 'Using good looks to gain some benefits for myself is only fair given this appearance.'

Yvette smirked, dragging out her words. "I'm being unreasonable? You said the same thing when we were in bed. I remember you said you liked how unreasonable I was. Men's words can be so deceiving; I guess what I promised you is off the table."

Jeremiah's expression stiffened, feeling like his world had just collapsed. He gritted his teeth and sat back down. "I'm the showstopper, you're the reasonable one. You promised; let's take care of it when we get back tonight."

Suddenly, a loud crash echoed from a nearby table, where a big, burly man had flipped it over. A trembling woman crouched on the floor opposite him, her head buried in her chest, too frightened to look up. She appeared utterly helpless.

Yvette turned to look at the man and woman, her gaze lingering on the woman for a few seconds, her expression neutral, before turning away.

Jeremiah did the same, clearly having no intention of getting involved,

Besides their table, the others stood up, moving to the side, whispering and pointing at the two, mostly criticizing the man. Those standing on the side of justice only dared to softly admonish him.

The burly man clearly had too much to drink; he wore a large gold watch and a heavy gold chain around his neck, giving off a total nouveau riche vibe. He pointed at the woman and yelled, "What are you pretending for? All I did was offer you a drink! I bought you so many things, and now you want to break up? If you dare leave me, I'll kill you!"

The woman raised her head at this, but instead of looking at the man right away, she turned her gaze to Yvette and Jeremiah's table. Her eyes wandered before finally settling back on the man, crying pitifully, "I can't take it anymore! I want to break up with you! Please let me go, I'm begging you. I only got together with you because I had no choice. Please don't hit me! I'm begging you!"

Hearing her words, the man's eyes turned red. He couldn't understand why she had changed so quickly. 'She was calling me 'brother' in my arms just yesterday; now she wants to break up so suddenly!' With bloodshot eyes and fueled by alcohol, he picked up a chair, ready to smash it over her.

The woman, who had been crying pitifully, instantly sprang to her feet and ran through the crowd to Jeremiah and Yvette's table. She pleaded with Jeremiah. "Sir, please help me! If not, he's going to kill me!"

There were plenty of people around who recognized the situation. They could tell that Jeremiah's clothes were expensive and he was likely wealthy. Sympathy started pouring in, even from those who had been too scared to speak earlier.

"Yes, sir, please help this poor woman! It could easily turn deadly, someone chimed in.

"Right? Look at that man, he's clearly drunk and dangerous. If you can help her, please do!" another added.

"That girl looks so pitiful; that man is old enough to be her father!" someone else exclaimed.

“Saving a life is worth more than building a pagoda, sir. I’m sure your girlfriend wouldn’t mind,” another suggested.

The woman cried, covering her face, secretly pleased with herself. She had used this trick many times before. ‘I don’t believe this man can resist my charm. As for the woman next to him, she won’t even show her face; she must not look good

Jeremiah ignored her plea, casually pouring orange juice for Yvette before glancing at the woman.

The woman felt even more jealous seeing Jeremiah’s actions. He was truly exceptional, and she had noticed him the moment he sat down.

Jeremiah’s expression turned icy as he spoke words that stunned everyone present. “Stay away from me. You’re too filthy.”

The woman looked at Jeremiah in disbelief. ‘Does he even know what it means to cherish a woman? How could he call me filthy?*

Those around them, wanting to defend the woman, began to speak up. However, when Jeremiah cast a cool glance their way, they felt as if they were being choked, leaving them speechless.

The woman anxiously watched the man approaching with a stool, then glanced at the indifferent Jeremiah. In desperation she turned her attention to Yvette, saying, “Hello, miss, I really mean no harm. This old man is threatening me; please help me!”

Yvette leisurely sipped her orange juice, her casual demeanor unyielding. She looked at the woman with her cold blue eyes but said nothing.

The woman felt a sudden pang of anxiety and lowered her head feeling somewhat guilty.

The burly man had arrived, clutching his stomach. Upon seeing Jeremiah, he blurted, “So you suddenly want to break up because you’re interested in this Nathan guy? Today, I’m going to kill both of you! Let’s see if you dare to cheat on me again!” He threw the stool at Jeremiah, and the crowd gasped in shock.

However, contrary to expectations, Jeremiah stretched out his right hand and caught the stool mid-air. He casually tossed it back, and it struck the man’s stomach, causing him to stumble back and fall to the ground, howling in pain.

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The moment the woman saw this scene, her eyes lit up, and her previously hidden ambition surfaced. However, when she turned to see Yvette’s gaze, she instantly

reverted to her weak and pitiful demeanor. “Thank you, kind sir. May I have your contact information? I’ll be sure to repay you both later.” She said this to lower Yvette’s guard, as getting the man’s number was her ultimate goal.

Jeremiah didn’t even look at her, and the atmosphere became tense again.

More and more people gathered around, murmuring to one another about what had happened, all feeling sorry for the woman who had been bullied by the man.

Yvette watched the woman’s performance, raised an eyebrow, and casually flicked her eyelids. Her usual coldness shone through as she asked, “Are you done with your act?” Just those four simple words silenced the noisy crowd.

Jeremiah lowered his gaze. “The girl has no idea how to expose this poorly acted woman.’

The woman was taken aback, but she held back her tears, refusing to let them fall. Looking at Yvette. ‘I didn’t expect this ugly woman to have such a pleasant voice. She argued. “Miss, I don’t know what you mean. Everyone saw that this man was attacking me. I just wanted protection; if you don’t want to help me, why say such things?”

The onlookers were also glaring at Yvette, clearly siding with the woman.

Yvette brushed off the dust from her clothes, crossed her legs, and nonchalantly looked at the woman, saying, “Your outfit is the latest LV, worth 30 thousand.” She continued, “Those shoes are a Dior limited edition, the lowest price on the market is 70,000 dollars.” She pointed at the necklace, “That blue diamond is small but at least 100 thousand dollars.” Then she added, “And that watch is a Jacob & Co 50th anniversary edition, worth 330 thousand dollars.”

With each of Yvette’s words, the woman’s face grew paler.

Gasps of disbelief echoed around them. ‘Who would have thought that a girl who looks so pitiful is decked out in clothes worth 330 thousand dollars? She’s no victim; she’s a wealthy woman. How could she let an old man treat her like this?’ Some people seemed to realize something, and their looks towards the woman changed immediately.

The woman hurriedly tried to hide the watch she had on, but it was a diamond watch she bought to show off, and now it was too late.

Just then, the man got up from the ground, clutching his stomach and appearing sober. He pointed at the woman and shouted, “You have no idea how ruthless this woman is! She’s just a student from a second–rate university. All her designer clothes and accessories are gifts from me. Now that she thinks I’m too old for her, she wants to ditch me! Why should I take that? I even gave up my wife for her! She’s just a gold digger! I’m right, aren’t I?”

Upon hearing his words, the crowd realized the truth and fell silent, lowering their heads. They thought she was a pitiful woman, but she's actually a mistress. Though the man isn't a good guy either, how dare he ask us if he's right?'

Seeing how the situation turned against her, the woman decided to fight back. She immediately dropped her previous demeanor and stood tall against the burly man. "It's your problem that you abandoned your family, you're the one who is infatuated with my beauty and wants to leave your old wife! I'm telling you, I've already broken up with you. I'll say it again: stop harassing me, or my new boyfriend won't let you off!" With that, unable to hold her anger, she swung her hand at Yvette, but her wrist was caught mid-air.

Yvette, expressionless, held onto the woman's hand and smiled. Does this fool really think she can touch me?' With a sharp twist, there was a loud crack as the woman's bone snapped.

Jeremiah's cold gaze landed on the woman, his voice steady and chilling as he narrowed his blue eyes. "You want to die?"

The woman shrieked in pain, and the burly man stood frozen in shock. The onlookers were also stunned. 'Who would have thought that this woman in a cap would be so ruthless right from the start?'

Despite the pain, the woman defiantly shouted at Jeremiah, ignoring her broken hand. "I'm going to hit this ugly woman! Do you know who my boyfriend is? Just wait here; he'll be here any minute! You're all going to regret it!"

The woman was brazen, acting as though she feared nothing and no one. 'My new boyfriend is a second-generation heir from the prestigious Betrico estate. So what if this guy here has money? I refuse to believe he could have more influence than my new boyfriend!' She had just sent her new boyfriend a text, and as luck would have it, he was nearby. He could get to the food stall in five minutes.

Yvette sat casually in her chair, spinning it slightly, crossing her legs, and watching the woman with a bored expression. She unwrapped a candy and popped it into her mouth, her tone casual. "Let him come. I'll be waiting."

Jeremiah and Yvette sat at the food stall, Yvette wearing a baseball cap and lowering her gaze. After taking off her mask, only half of her face was visible, showcasing her sharp jawline. She calmly continued eating the lobster Jeremiah had prepared for her.

Meanwhile, the woman, clutching her injured arm, glared at them from a distance. The burly man, sensing things were getting out of hand, had already run off. Dozens of onlookers stood around, watching the scene in stunned silence, occasionally swallowing nervously.

Five minutes later, the woman's new boyfriend arrived. Coincidentally, he was a familiar face.

As soon as Joel appeared, the woman rushed into his arms, instantly transforming back into her tearful, delicate persona. The people who had watched the entire scene unfold were speechless at how quickly she could change faces. 'Is she some kind of face-changing master?'

Joel hurried to comfort his new fling. "Sweetheart, what happened? Who dared to bully you?"

The woman, feigning fear, pointed towards Jeremiah and Yvette, sobbing. "It's them! Those two bullied me. That woman's unreasonable! All I did was say a few words, and she broke my hand. It hurts so much!"

Hearing this, Joel immediately got angry. He followed her finger to see who she was pointing at, but as soon as he recognized who was sitting there, his expression changed dramatically. 'What kind of day is this that I run into these two at a food stall? Oh my God!' In the next second, Joel realized the situation. 'Wait, did she say they bullied her? Maybe anyone else, but these two? No way! That's impossible!' Joel quickly pulled the woman out of his embrace as if she were contagious, now wanting to put as much distance between them as possible.

The woman was utterly confused by Joel's sudden change in attitude. 'What's going on? Why is he acting like this?'

Joel, mustering his courage, walked shakily towards the two, praying that the heavens would spare him today. 'I swear I'll never touch a woman again; if I get involved with the wrong one, it could be disastrous and cost me my life!'

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Joel put on a smiling face and approached Jeremiah's table. Just as everyone thought he was going to stand up for the woman and start a fight, Joel bowed deeply at a ninety-degree angle to both of them. "Jeremiah, Yve, good evening. What a coincidence to run into both of you here. I'm not sure what this clueless woman did to offend you, Jeremiah, so feel free to handle it however you like."

Joel's words left the woman waiting for him to retaliate completely stunned. She stared at the scene in front of her, unable to believe that her supposed ally would bow so low to these two. Joel is the son of a big shot in Betrico; who exactly are these two people? She realized she had messed with the wrong people. Fear finally gripped her; she wanted to run, but with so many eyes on her, she knew there was no escaping.

After speaking, Joel lowered his head, unable to look at the two. Don't blame me for being cowardly; that last time at the bar, seeing Keira getting beaten up by Yve was no

joke. The next day before I even made a move, Keira had already decided to leave the scene. It was obviously Jeremiah's doing.'

Jeremiah spoke, his expression emotionless, his voice cold and devoid of warmth. "Is she your girlfriend?"

Those four words sent chills down Joel's spine. He immediately denied it. "No, Jeremiah, she's not my girlfriend. We haven't officially established anything; we're just in a flirtation stage, really. Jeremiah, I swear on my character."

Upon hearing Joel deny their relationship, the woman was infuriated, but she knew she couldn't afford to offend Joel. Besides, what he said was right—she had wanted him to see her as a unique girl, so she had kept him dangling. Now she had trapped herself and regretted it deeply.

Fearing that Jeremiah wouldn't believe him, Joel turned to the woman and gestured for her to come over, warning her with his eyes. "Come here."

The woman could only walk over under the mocking gazes of everyone, feeling as ridiculous as she had been arrogant before.

Joel said to the woman. "Are we dating? I've only pursued you for a few days, right?"

People around them began to whisper and point at the woman.

"Is this woman too full of herself? The guy's only pursued her for a few days, and she claims he's her boyfriend, then has him come over. What a scheming bitch."

"She's not just a scheming bitch; she's got this old guy wrapped around her finger and even got him to abandon his wife and kids. Don't you think she's just mad because she can't get that guy sitting over there's phone number?"

In the crowd, a short guy defended the woman. "Isn't it a bit too much to say that about a girl? Maybe she was deceived too. That woman sitting over there is the real villain; she even broke that girl's hand. Don't you think that's cruel?"

The girls watching scoffed at his words, their anger shifting to the guy.

"No wonder there are scheming bitches in this society who can act so brazenly; it's because of blind men like you."

"Ladies, keep your eyes wide open; be careful of men who back scheming bitches. Such men can be easily led away by a few sweet words from a woman."

The guy felt his face flush as everyone countered him, leaving him speechless, and he hurriedly left.

The woman cast a pitiful glance at Joel and could only nod. “Yes, you were only pursuing me; we’re not dating.”

Joel sternly scolded her. “Apologize to Jeremiah and Yve right now, quickly.”

The woman gritted her teeth against the pain in her arm and said, “I’m sorry.”

Joel was immensely relieved that he hadn’t officially gotten together with this woman; otherwise, he would have needed someone to collect his body today. He turned to Jeremiah and Yvette, and his heart raced since the real boss hadn’t spoken yet. He cautiously approached Yvette, ingratiatingly saying, “Yve

Yvette rested her pale, slender hand on the table, lightly tapping it, her chin slightly raised as she glanced at Joel with a serious look. “Your taste isn’t very good.”

Upon hearing this, Joel’s face flushed. ‘I used to think I had good taste in women; who knew I’d stumble so many times with women lately? If it weren’t for my belief in science, I’d probably consult a master. By the time Joel saw Yvette and Jeremiah off, he was already drenched in cold sweat.

The onlookers lost interest and dispersed, and the bustling food stall suddenly emptied out.

The woman didn’t want to lose Joel. She thought if she obeyed him, he would definitely give her another chance.

She reached out to pull Joel’s sleeve, but he instinctively recoiled, looking at her warily. “What do you want?”

The woman didn’t expect such a strong reaction from him and could only plead softly. “Joel, my arm is broken, and it really hurts. Can you take me to the hospital?”

Joel looked at her drooping arm, showing no sympathy, his gaze turning cold. This woman really doesn’t understand what she’s done wrong? Why does she still think there’s anything between us?’ He mercilessly told her. “Do you have any idea who you’ve offended? You should have checked my background. Don’t rush to deny it. I don’t want to play with you anymore, so let me tell you: you’ve offended someone big in Betrico, someone we second-generation folks have looked up to since childhood. Don’t think that I’m anything special; even our fathers would have to call him Jeremiah when they meet, understand?”

The woman’s expression turned to shock, her pupils dilating as her face changed instantly. All she could think was. “Joel said. even his father has to call this man Jeremiah.”

Seeing her in despair and fear, Joel didn't say anything more. 'Who are Jeremiah and Yve? Why would they bother with a woman like her? Breaking one of her arms is already a lesson for her.

At Skyland, only Yvette and Jeremiah were left today; Andrew and Samantha had already moved out, and Charles wasn't around.

In the main bedroom, shrouded in darkness, Yvette looked down at Jeremiah, a hint of mischief in her beautiful face as she curled her lips while gazing at his handsome face. With cool fingertips, she glided from his lips down to his neck and collarbone, unbuttoning his shirt one by one. Jeremiah's breath hitched, tensing up involuntarily.

Jeremiah's slightly rough fingertips brushed against her soft red lips as he grasped her wrist firmly, his voice low and serious. "Remember what we agreed on? I'm here, you promised." Who would have thought that the youngest major general of Clusia, the decisive Living Reaper, could be so humble?

Jeremiah's charming face came so close to Yvette's that their faces almost touched, his gaze darkening. From this angle, he could see everything clearly, but one hand just wasn't enough. In the darkness, he noticed the red stain on her lips, and his gaze grew even darker.

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Yvette casually curled her lips, moving her waist slightly. Jeremiah's breath quickened again. "Don't move around; if you do, you'll have to take responsibility for the consequences."

Yvette lifted his chin, and Jeremiah grasped her hand, shifting their positions so that he was on top and she was below. He leaned down, burying his face in her delicate neck, biting gently with his other hand clasping her slender waist, his voice low and hoarse, yet filled with an undeniable reverence. "I love you."

Yvette looked into his eyes; in the darkness, they locked gazes, but she didn't respond.

Jeremiah leaned down once more, trailing his lips along her slender collarbone, leaving a long line of deep crimson marks.

At nine in the morning, at Betrico Airport, Jeremiah watched Yvette, his blue eyes narrowing as he softly said, "I'll head to Seacriety once I finish up here."

Yvette stood idly, nodding with a soft, slow voice. "Okay."

Behind them, Samantha, Andrew, and Charles all tactfully turned their heads to the side. Today, Jeremiah was in an exceptionally good mood. The fact that he made a special breakfast for Yve and even brought a portion for them was unheard of: When

they saw him in the morning, his attitude toward the three of them was like a spring breeze. It made them feel so flattered they didn't quite know how to react.

Samantha, holding her latest limited-edition handbag, looked at the two in front of them and suddenly sighed. "I don't know about you guys, but don't you think something has subtly changed between Yve and Jeremiah? I can't put my finger on it, but something's definitely different."

uld Charles was also going back to Seacriety with Yvette this time. Simon had already taken care of his paperwork, so he directly enroll. This whole situation is ridiculous. I'm a top graduate from Mysonna's leading university, and now I have to go back to school. Charles adjusted his glasses, glanced at Samantha, and responded in a flat tone, "I didn't notice anything."

Andrew had booked his ticket too. He was heading back to Seacriety as well, after all, there was someone there he missed. 'It's been almost half a month. If I don't go back soon, that heartless person might forget all about me. Andrew stroked his chin and nodded. "Sis, I've got the same feeling. Do you think it's twin telepathy?"

Samantha paused, looking at Andrew, and said slowly, "I'm telling you, this time when you go back, you better bring your girlfriend with you. If you don't, don't bother coming back next time."

Andrew vowed confidently. "Don't worry, sis. Your little brother will definitely bring her back."

After chatting a bit more, it was time to board the plane. Jeremiah and Samantha watched as the three of them left, then each went their own way to handle their own matters.

Seacriety. After more than two months, Yvette returned to Seacriety once again. Only Simon knew she was back and went out of his way to pick her up at the airport.

Yvette was wearing a baseball cap, a black mask, and casual sportswear. Charles was in a white shirt and suit pants, looking more business-like. Andrew had a mixed style, wearing a black jacket and Martin boots.

The three of them were the center of attention at the airport. Seacriety and Andrew, the two handsome guys, sitting together were a sight to behold. Many subtle glances from others lingered on them, and some girls even gathered the courage to ask for their contact information, but both men declined.

As soon as they left the airport, they saw Simon standing next to a black car, looking inside. When he saw the three of them, Simon's eyes lit up and he waved to Yvette in the middle, saying "Over here, grand-aunt."

Simon's shout caused people around to stop in their tracks. This name had become so popular recently that even young children could recite it by heart. In the past few days, major video websites and trending searches were all about the competition, with nationwide enthusiasm soaring. Yvette's name echoed throughout the country.

After calling out, Simon regretted it when he saw everyone staring at them. 'My brain, I really forgot her current status.' 'Times have changed. Now, Yvette is an idol to most people. Posts about Yvette on the school forums are already ranked number one.'

Yvette walked calmly towards Simon. Andrew whispered to Charles, "Bro, see that? That's the principal of Apex Urban University. Look at Yve's stature; the principal personally came to pick her up."

Charles was indifferent and somewhat confused. 'Is this strange? When the principal of Mysonna First Academy personally approached an instructor to offer her a professorship in the physics department, the instructor didn't even go after him three times. What's so surprising about a principal of a local university now?'

Yvette took off her baseball cap, a few strands of brown hair falling out, and pressed her lips together. "Hello, Principal."

Simon nodded and smiled at Yvette. "Thank you, grand-aunt." From the first moment Simon met Yvette, he knew she was something special. Indeed, in just a few months, she had accomplished many unexpected things. He was thrilled watching her compete a few days ago. 'This kid really didn't disappoint!' Especially when he learned that James had accepted her as a granddaughter, it shocked him even more. 'Being James Dean's granddaughter means endless resources and a highly coveted status. Although Yvette doesn't care, it's definitely something people envy. Now, Yvette is someone everyone looks up to.'

Suddenly, there was a burst of exclamations around them. A woman dragging a red suitcase covered her mouth and shouted loudly, "Oh my god, I didn't see it wrong, it's the goddess, the goddess, she..."

Immediately, everyone around looked towards Yvette and the group...

"You didn't see it wrong! Oh my god, it's really the goddess. She's back in Seacriety, I'm so excited!"

"Why are you so excited? The goddess looks even more beautiful in person than on TV. Her appearance is just stunning!"

"You say she's Yvette, right? You didn't mistake her for someone else, did you?"

"Absolutely no mistake, she's the goddess. There's no one else with a face like hers!"

Seeing people starting to gather around, Simon quickly said to Yvette, "Let's go, grand-aunt, we'll talk on the way." He really didn't expect Yvette to be recognized so quickly; she was truly popular.

After getting into the car and driving a short distance, they looked in the rearview mirror. People at the airport entrance were still watching their car.

Simon knew the time of Yvette's return and volunteered to pick her up. Now that he had been tasked with it, he was momentarily at a loss for words. He glanced at the two men in the back seat. 'I already know who Andrew is. The other man must be someone Yvette recommended for admission. But looking at his resume, an outstanding graduate from the first academy, he could easily be a professor or mentor at Apex Urban University. It's a bit of an overqualification for a student.'

Charles remained very calm despite Simon's intentional scrutiny.

In the car, Andrew broke the silence by cheekily asking Simon, "Principal, have you considered giving me a raise?"

Simon glanced at Andrew. 'Asking for a raise at this moment?' He decided to play dumb. 'Giving a raise to this Zeke? What a joke! Our school is so poor!'

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Simon said, "Hmm? What did you say? Lately, my ears haven't been too good. Getting older, sometimes I can't hear what people are saying." Simon clearly pretended to be oblivious; the topic of a raise was out of the question.

Andrew gritted his teeth. 'At this moment, this old man says he's getting older. Do you believe that if I offer Apex Urban University an investment of several million, his ears would instantly get better?'

Simon asked Yvette, "Grand-aunt, where are you going? Back to the school dormitory or?"

Yvette lifted her delicate features, raised her eyebrows, and spoke in a detached tone, "The Chambers family."

All three in the car looked at her simultaneously. 'At this moment, going back to the Chambers residence?'

Yvette ignored their gazes, resting her chin on her hand and looking out the window. Her dark eyes were deep and profound.

At the Chambers family villa, Zachary looked at the group of relatives sitting on the sofa—almost ten people ranging from seventy to thirteen or fourteen years old. Zachary

felt a bit headache and helpless. ‘With all these old and young people, how am I supposed to ask them to leave?’

Ever since Yvette became famous on TV, these relatives had been coming to the Chambers family like flies every day, impossible to get rid of. Some elders, who usually had little contact, suddenly showed up for several consecutive days. Who were they really here for?

When Lucas walked in and saw the people in the living room, his mind went blank. ‘Ever since grand-aunt became famous, the Chambers family threshold has almost been breached. We sent some away yesterday, and today so many more have arrived. It’s endless.’ Lucas approached Zachary and whispered a few words.

An elderly lady in her seventies, with gray hair and clearly a shrewd woman, kept looking at the two. After Lucas finished speaking and stepped aside, the old lady became animated. “Oh, Zachary, what is Lucas talking about? We’re all family here. What’s there to not listen to? What’s the matter? Are you being suspicious of us?”

The old lady was Zachary’s grand-aunt. She married into the Lommore family when she was a teenager and rarely returned to Seacuity. Since Zachary’s mother passed away, the two families hadn’t had much contact, only exchanging gifts during festivals out of courtesy. When the grand-aunt started speaking, the other Chambers family members who were visiting fell silent.

At this moment, a woman dressed flamboyantly in designer brands stepped forward. “Grandma, Zachary, we’re all part of the Chambers family. You’re the closest to us. Uncle won’t guard against us, right?” The woman was openly speaking on Zachary’s behalf but also had her own agenda. She had important matters to handle today.

Upon hearing this, the old lady’s expression noticeably softened.

Zachary merely responded to them without causing a scene, explaining to give both sides a way out. “Grand-aunt, you’ve got it wrong. Lucas was talking about some business matters. It’s too boring, and he was worried you’d get bored. Please don’t take it to heart.”

The old lady knew that today’s Chambers family and Zachary were different from before. She didn’t know what kind of luck Zachary had—finding a daughter who had been missing for over twenty years, bringing her back, and having her represent the country in competitions, even winning and becoming the Goddess of Clusia. This also elevated Zachary’s status.

The old lady knew she was relying on the reputation of Zachary’s late mother and dared not overstep. After all, she had her own intentions in coming all the way to Seacuity. She smiled kindly at Zachary and began reminiscing about the past.

Zachary held his coffee cup, listening more and more uneasily. His face showed no emotion, and he didn't respond, letting her talk about her childhood.

The others were very supportive, laughing heartily at times and appearing deeply moved at others.

Finally, seeing that the old lady had said so much and Zachary still wasn't responding, she bit her lip and had to abruptly shift the topic to her own purpose. "Zachary, I'm old now and have no particular wishes left in this life. There's just one thing I've been worried about, and that's why I'm here today."

Zachary paused, set down his cup, and moved his jaw before speaking. "What are you talking about? If you have something to say, go ahead and tell me. Let me see if I can help." Zachary wasn't foolish; he left room in his response, handling what he could and absolutely not agreeing to things he couldn't.

Hearing this, the old lady knew Zachary had left an opening. Although she was somewhat displeased, she had no choice. If this matter went through, the future of the Chambers family would be hers, and she wouldn't have to argue with Zachary anymore. The old lady maintained the demeanor of a refined lady and said to Zachary, "Zachary, I have a grandson. He's 27 years old, a very excellent young man, the only male in our family. He graduated from a prestigious university, has a good personality and looks great. His future is limitless. I was thinking that keeping the wealth within the family is best. Your Yvette doesn't have a boyfriend yet, does she? I think they would be a perfect match. What do you think?"

Zachary was stunned. He really didn't expect the old lady to set her sights on Yvette. 'Shameless, thinking I don't know that this so-called promising grandson is a notorious playboy in Lommore, very flirtatious. Their family paid for him to study abroad to polish him, and he still hasn't found a job since he returned.' How did she know so much? It was thanks to a business trip he took to Lommore once, where his business partners told him. Otherwise, he might have easily been fooled by the old lady.

Before Zachary could say anything, the others began to praise the old lady one after another.

"I think grand-aunt is right. Keeping the wealth within the family is best. Yvette is so outstanding. If she marries someone else, who knows how much pressure she might face. Marrying grand-aunt's grandson would definitely ensure a good life."

"I agree. Mr. Chambers, this match is a perfect match made in heaven. You mustn't miss this opportunity." "The Chambers family is a prestigious lineage in Lommore. Yvette won't regret marrying into our family."

"Yes, with parental matchmaking, if you agree, Yvette definitely won't object."

Lucas stood to the side, watching the members of the Chambers family with their shameless attitudes. 'This is ridiculous, toads trying to eat swan meat. Does she even know what kind of person Grand-aunt is now? And this old lady is seriously thinking her grandson could marry Grand-aunt? What a joke! She should take a good look at herself!'

Zachary sneered. 'Do these people really think I'm a paper tiger: Just because I've been polite, they dare say such shameless things? Her useless grandson wants to marry my daughter? Keep dreaming!'

None of these people had ever met Yvette, but they sure acted close, calling her "Yvette" like they knew her.

Zachary looked at the people on the sofa, all deep in discussion, and said coldly, "Grand-aunt, let's drop this. I'm not getting involved in Yvette's marriage. She can marry whoever she wants. Your grandson should look elsewhere."

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The old lady's face immediately fell when she heard that. She gave Zachary a dark look, then put down her coffee so much put down as slammed it on the table with a thud.

cup-not

The other relatives of the Chambers family saw what was happening and instantly fell silent, pretending to drink their coffee.

The old lady turned to Zachary with a sarcastic tone. "Zachary, look at you, getting all high and mighty. I know your long-lost daughter is doing well and famous all over the country now, but you can't forget your roots. I was making that suggestion out of kindness. Don't take my goodwill for granted. Honestly, with your daughter being so headstrong, what respectable family would take her? My grandson is the only one willing to consider her, practically begging me to come and propose."

Yvette was Zachary's bottom line. Since it had come to this, he decided to tear off the pretense completely. His demeanor shifted, and he said sharply, "Grand-aunt, like I said, it's not happening. If you want to be blunt, then I'll be blunt too. Your grandson, who weighs over 200 pounds and is a complete mess-drinking, gambling, womanizing—he might seem like a catch to you, but to others, he's a joke. Even if my daughter never gets married, she would never marry him. So drop it."

Zachary's words successfully turned the old lady's face dark as coal. 'How does Zachary know my grandson is fat? And about all his drinking, gambling, and womanizing? He's all the way in Secrecy; how could he possibly know these things?' The old lady immediately started spinning conspiracy theories in her mind.

The others were stunned, too. A moment ago, the conversation was lively, but now their faces were flushed with embarrassment. Even they looked a bit dissatisfied with the old lady.

Humiliated and angry, the old lady stood up, shaking, pointing a trembling finger at Zachary. "Fine! You Chambers family people are something else! I was kindly offering your daughter a match, and this is how you repay me? My grandson must've been out of his mind to take an interest in that Yvette. Let's see how high and mighty your daughter acts when no one wants to marry her, and she's left all alone."

"Who I marry has nothing to do with you."

Zachary froze slightly when he heard that voice, then turned excitedly. Sure enough, standing there was the person he'd been dreaming of seeing. 'Ever since she performed my surgery she hasn't returned to Seacrity, but today she's finally come back.

eyes on The next person to get excited was Lucas. A dragon is never, ever bound to the pond. From the moment he first laid Grand-aunt, he knew she wasn't an ordinary person. And it turned out he was right. 'Grand-aunt represented the country in a competition and even beat the Ybaullan team! How incredible

Lucas looked at Yvette standing at the door and shouted, "Grand-aunt, you're back!"

Yvette, dressed in black pants and a black shirt, added a cool and aloof touch to the summer day. She lifted her gaze, sweeping it over the room, hands casually in her pockets, then slowly walked towards Zachary with a swagger, her upturned eyes full of defiance.

The Chambers family relatives in the room were seeing Yvette for the first time. They had only ever seen her on TV before, and now they were all dumbfounded. They hadn't expected her to look so much more stunning in person. Some people always said that TV doesn't do people justice, and they hadn't believed it until now. Yvette was breathtakingly beautiful from every angle.

Even the old lady who had just been running her mouth was momentarily stunned by Yvette's aura and beauty, instinctively taking a step back when Yvette's gaze swept over her

Yvette leisurely walked up to Zachary, raised an eyebrow, with a barely-there smile on her lips, and said in her usual cold voice, "Quite the lively scene, huh?"

Zachary was so excited his hands trembled slightly. He didn't care about the people in the room and looked lovingly at Yvette. "Just some distant relatives. You must be tired after just getting back to Seacrity. Go upstairs and rest. I'll have the kitchen prepare some food for you. You're looking skinnier. I'll have them make you some milk stew,

chicken soup, and the sea bass that arrived by air yesterday. You need to get your strength back.”

Zachary turned to call for Lucas, but the old lady’s voice interrupted him. “Ah, so this is Yvette? She looks even more exquisite in person than on TV! I’m your father’s grand-aunt, so you can just call me Grand-aunt.”

The old lady’s sudden shift in attitude left everyone in the living room speechless. ‘Wasn’t she just saying Yvette would die alone and never get married? Now she’s suddenly all smiles? How fake can you get?’

The old lady, with all her years of life experience, didn’t even blush when she spoke such words. It was obvious she’d said these kinds of things many times before.

Yvette turned her head, her eyes half-lowered, with no expression on her face. Ignoring everyone in the room, she walked over to the sofa, sat down, leaned back, and spread her arms wide in a completely dominant pose. She exuded an aura of arrogance and defiance.

The Chambers family relatives, seeing this side of Yvette, all looked uneasy.

The old lady, suppressing her displeasure, spoke to Yvette on the sofa. “Yvette, I am your—”

“What does that have to do with me?” Yvette’s simple four words made the old lady’s face turn extremely sour.

‘What do you mean, what does it have to do with her? That’s just too much!’ The old lady couldn’t keep up her act any longer and reverted to her usual sharp-tongued self. “Well, aren’t the Chambers family just the high and mighty ones! If you look down on your poor relatives so much, what are we even doing here? Are we just here to be laughed at?”

The old lady said this on purpose, hoping to stir up resentment among the others towards Zachary and Yvette. She thought the people in the living room would side with her, but she didn’t realize they all had their own interests tied to the Chambers family and wouldn’t dare offend them.

Despite all her talk, not a single person in the room backed her up. The old lady was thoroughly humiliated. Furious, she glared at Zachary and Yvette, then huffed and delivered her ultimatum. “Fine! If you’re going to be so heartless, we’ll just cut off all ties.”

Yvette’s lips twitched slightly, her gaze icy and detached as she stared at the smug old lady. She said, “Show her out.”

Lucas immediately followed the order without hesitation. He gestured towards the door and said, "This way, please. I'll see you out."

The old lady's face froze, and the others in the room didn't look much better. Yvette's words had caught everyone off guard; no one expected her to actually kick them out without any regard for appearances.

Seeing even Lucas daring to show her the door, the old lady almost choked on her anger. She clutched her chest as if she was about to have a heart attack.

"You...you...Zachary, you're really going to let your daughter treat me like this? I'm your grand-aunt! When your mother was alive, she treated me with so much respect. And now, your daughter wants to kick me out? Aren't you going to say something fair?"

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Zachary walked over to Yvette and stood behind her, his dark eyes fixed on the old lady, who looked like she was about to faint from anger. "What Yvette says is what I say. If she says 'show you out, then you're being shown out. And if you feel we shouldn't maintain ties anymore, then that's fine with us. We'll just go our separate ways and never speak again."

The expressions on the faces of the Chambers family relatives in the living room were truly something to behold. Their reactions were nothing short of spectacular.

The old lady, clutching her chest, wasn't faking it anymore—this time, the pain was real. Trembling, she pointed a shaking finger at them. "You... you.... you two are outrageous!"

Seeing Yvette's frown, Lucas quickly stepped forward. "Please, this way."

In the end, seeing that no one was going to back her up, the old lady had no choice but to leave the Chambers family home, cursing under her breath as she went. The room was left in an awkward silence.

Once the old lady had left, the people in the living room started to stir again. A woman dressed head-to-toe in designer clothes, who had been biding her time, took this opportunity to stand up and shower compliments. "Zachary, this is the first time we've met Yvette in person, and she's even more stunning than on TV." The words sounded sweet, but the envy and jealousy in her eyes were hard to hide. 'How could a girl found in the countryside suddenly become a national hero? What did she do to deserve it?'

Seeing the woman speak up, the others quickly shifted gears and started flattering Yvette as well. They took turns praising her, one after another.

"Layla is right. Yvette is truly the pride of the Chambers family. Just look at her grace during the competition, it was unbelievable!"

“You don’t even need to say that! I watched the whole competition from start to finish, and it was amazing!”

of person who valued sons over A man who didn’t stand out much in the room, with shifty eyes, spoke up. He was the kind daughters, and after three marriages, he still hadn’t managed to have a son—only daughters. It drove him crazy. After all, what good were daughters? Who would inherit his estate? Sour with envy, he muttered, “Yvette competing for the country? There must be something going on behind the scenes.”

The room, which had just started to heat up again, immediately fell silent. All eyes turned to the man who had just spoken.

He was just a distant relative of Zachary’s, here to try and gain some favor from the Chambers family. Seeing everyone staring at him, he didn’t even realize what he had said wrong. With a smug grin, he explained further. “Look, I’m just being honest. Yvette, don’t take it the wrong way—I’m just curious. With so many people in Clusia, how could they not find a single man to compete? How did it end up being you? I’m just asking out of curiosity. Don’t read too much into it.”

His words might have sounded polite on the surface, but everyone knew the real meaning: he was insinuating that Yvette only got the chance to compete through some secret, shady connections, and that’s how she gained fame.

In fact, many people in the room had thought the same thing when they saw how beautiful Yvette was. Though they didn’t say it out loud, it crossed their minds. Now that this man had voiced it, everyone was eager to see how Yvette would respond.

Zachary slammed the table and stood up, glaring angrily at the sharp-nosed man. He shouted, “Get out immediately! My daughter won the competition for Clusia through her own abilities. Why involve you? Are you capable? What kind of relationship would make the country take such matters lightly? Stop talking nonsense here!”

The man shrank back, intimidated by Zachary’s fury, but deep down he still looked down on Yvette, believing she must have used some underhanded tactics. This belief was deeply ingrained in his mind, so no matter what Zachary said, he remained convinced. The man was unwilling to accept it, but out of respect for Zachary’s authority, he could only meekly reply, “If it’s not, it’s not. I was just speaking casually.”

Yvette sat on the sofa, fluttered her eyelids, and showed no warmth in her eyes, lightly twisting her lips. She stood up and walked towards the man. Just when everyone thought she was about to say something, Yvette didn’t hesitate and slapped the man directly. The slap landed heavily on his right cheek, leaving a clear mark, and blood started to trickle from the corner of his mouth.

The sound of the slap was crisp and loud, hitting everyone’s hearts like a strike, making everyone present tremble involuntarily.

Lucas watched the scene unfold and secretly cheered to himself. This man really deserves it. Grand-aunt disciplining him was the right move. He needs to know who he should never offend!

Zachary sat on the sofa, only slightly surprised by Yvette's action, then looked at her with a permissive smile. "This kid is something else. She hit him so hard; it would have been better if I had done it myself. No need for her to get her hands dirty!"

The man was stunned by the slap; he never expected Yvette to hit him like that. He lifted his dazed head, widened his eyes, and stared at Yvette. "You... you actually dared to hit me?"

Yvette bypassed him and succinctly said to Lucas, "Tissue."

Lucas immediately handed the tissues to Yvette with both hands and then stepped aside.

Yvette ignored the man's resentful gaze and the surprised expressions of those around her. She simply lowered her head to wipe the hand that had just slapped, and whispered, "Keep talking trash, and I won't hesitate to kill you."

This casually spoken sentence froze everyone in place because, at that moment, they truly believed Yvette wasn't exaggerating. If the man spoke another word, Yvette would indeed kill him.

The man was also frightened by Yvette's words. He wanted to retort, but seeing Yvette's calm and profound gaze, his words got stuck in his throat, unable to come out.

Just then, a servant walked in from outside and approached Lucas, whispering, "Lucas, a man claiming to be Wyatt is at the door, saying he's here to see grand-aunt."

Lucas was stunned for a moment but quickly realized who Wyatt was. 'Damn it, why would the mayor come here personally at this time?' Lucas hurriedly walked to the sofa and whispered a few words into Zachary's ear.

Hearing the name Wyatt, Zachary was also surprised and paused. This important figure is always busy managing Seacurity's investments. He should be too busy to even have time to eat, yet he managed to find time to come here for Yvette. In politics, nothing is done without benefit. Wyatt coming personally means Yvette is worth his trip. Having a city's leader visit personally speaks volumes.'

Zachary asked Lucas to invite Wyatt in. He glanced around the room at the lingering people. 'Having Wyatt come now might be a good thing.'

Everyone in the living room wondered what had happened as they saw Lucas leave in a hurry.

The man who was slapped glared at Yvette with hatred. He knew he had nothing to gain in this situation and could only leave, dejected and embarrassed.

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Just as the man reached the doorway, Lucas led Wyatt inside from the outside,

The man looked up and saw a familiar face. With this face, who in Seacrity wouldn't recognize him? He stood frozen, unable to move his feet, as the man watched Wyatt being led by Lucas to Yvette.

Wyatt was impeccably dressed in a suit, his hair neatly combed clearly well-prepared. The others in the living room recognized him and exclaimed, "Mr. Langford?"

Wyatt had already heard that the Chambers family had been having frequent visitors lately and probably understood their intentions. 'Helping those in need is rare, adding to it is a queue. The most difficult thing in the world is managing relationships.

Seeing someone recognize him, Wyatt politely nodded to everyone, then turned his gaze to Yvette sitting on the sofa, his eyes deep. 'It's been a while, and her status has risen another level. He was already aware of the news from Betrico—Jase had acknowledged this daughter-in-law, and he heard that Clifford and his wife were particularly satisfied and had stood up for her. Now, Yvette's position as Major General Mrs. Chavez was solidified, and her recent win in Ybaulla had made her an idol among the Clusian people.

Wyatt ignored everyone's looks and quietly said to Yvette on the sofa, "Grand-aunt, long time no see."

Wyatt greeting Yvette first shocked everyone present. 'He's the top leader of Seacrity, being this polite to Yvette, even respectful—it's simply unbelievable!'

The man at the doorway stiffly turned his body to watch the scene, feeling deeply regretful. If he had known the mayor would be so polite to Yvette, he would never have said those things. Now, even if he regretted it, it was too late. The man could only reluctantly leave the Chambers family.

Only Lucas glanced at the man's departing figure. 'What's the use of regretting now?'

Yvette looked up, showing no surprise at Wyatt's appearance. Her expression was indifferent, and her voice was cold. "Sit."

Everyone else had a collective twitch at the corner of their eyes. Is this one word showing too much disregard for the top leader?'

Zachary said to Wyatt, "Mr. Langford, you've been so busy lately. How do you find time to come personally? If there's anything you need, just let me know."

Wyatt sat on the sofa, being extremely courteous to Zachary. After all, Zachary was Jeremiah's future father-in-law and M Jase Chavez's in-law. Being friendly at this moment only had benefits without any downsides.

Wyatt gave a hearty laugh, completely dropping the mayor's formalities. "Mr. Chambers, you're too kind. I knew grand-a was returning today, so I thought I'd come by to visit. There's nothing important, just wanted to stop by. Mr. Chambers, don't mind me being a bother. I came uninvited, sorry to trouble you."

Zachary knew he was here because of Yvette. Since taking over Seacurity, Zachary had never actively befriended families. This time, regardless of the reason, his visit was seen by outsiders as a sign of goodwill towards the Chambers family, which was certainly a good thing for them. Zachary asked Lucas to serve coffee and acted as if he didn't notice the other standing guests in the living room. "These people can stand if they want.

any elite

Wyatt glanced around the living room. "I'm in a hurry today. I didn't realize Mr. Chambers had so many friends here. Should I come another day?"

Zachary laughed and waved his hand. "Mr. Langford, not at all. It's just that lately, I don't know what's going on, but relatives keep coming one after another. People might think I have something good here."

This wave of sarcasm left everyone in the living room feeling deeply ashamed, their faces flushed. They certainly didn't

let David leave because he was tired of them and could only pretend not to understand and leave one by one. Mr. Chambers, I just remembered I have something to attend to at home, so I'll leave first

Oh look at the time. I still have family waiting for me at home. I'll head back now

Zachary naturally didn't try to stop them. These people won't dare to step into the Chambers family doors again in the future. He said to Lucas, "Send them off, Lucas."

The once lively living room instantly emptied, leaving only one woman who hadn't left—Layla, who had previously stepped out dressed to impress to ease the situation. She saw Wyatt's eyes light up. I knew it. Yvette must know many high-ranking officials. If she's willing to introduce them to me, I can definitely marry into a real elite family. This was also her purpose for coming.

Layla could only pretend to be in a dilemma, adjusted her hair, and naturally sat down on the sofa, clearly not planning to leave. “Mr. Chambers. I’m really sorry. My driver’s car broke down halfway, and it might take a while to come over. If it’s okay, can I stay a bit longer?”

Zachary had a good impression of this younger generation—she had her own little schemes but nothing excessive, He nodded. “Sure, once the car arrives, you can leave.”

Layla was pleased inside but still had to maintain a calm appearance on her face.

Yvette squeezed her coffee cup, looked at the woman, and smiled playfully with a hint of mischief.

Layla noticed Yvette’s gaze and smiled awkwardly.

Wyatt and Zachary chatted. Both were seasoned players, exchanging words back and forth, enjoying their conversation. Yvette kept her head down, playing with her phone, lounging on the sofa without proper posture, very lazy.

Layla, on the other hand, was like a refined lady, sitting up straight and occasionally making small comments. She didn’t bother anyone, but her eyes kept wandering over Wyatt.

Wyatt wasn’t foolish; he certainly felt Layla’s scrutiny. Inside, he was slightly displeased. ‘At my age, she could see me as a father figure. What is she trying to achieve with these blatant and purposeful looks?’ Since he was a relative of the Chambers family, Wyatt chose to politely avoid her.

Zachary also noticed this and sighed. ‘Another one trying to take shortcuts, and now she’s setting her sights on Mr. Langford. She’s not picky either.’

Layla thought she was hiding her intentions well, but the three people across from her had already seen through her, choosing not to mention it.

Layla glanced at her outfit, meticulously dressed from head to toe. ‘My posture and behavior are all professionally trained; I’m a true socialite. But this Yvette, she can’t even sit properly in front of Mr. Langford. She’s incredibly rude and unpresentable. Even if she won the competition, it doesn’t change her inherently low status compared to a natural-born socialite like me.

Seeing the malice suddenly appear in Layla’s eyes and then her gaze fall on Yvette, Zachary spoke up, “Layla, Mr. Langford and I have some things to discuss. Since your driver can’t come right now, I’ll have the Chambers family driver take you.”

Layla was taken aback by his words, feeling a bit embarrassed. But since Zachary had already said so, she could only nod. "Alright, thank you." She then stood up, glanced at Yvette, and her eyes darkened. "Yvette, could you give me a ride?"